Makassar 066
Chinese

The camera, as usual, made quite an impression. In general, rapport was good, and I came back in the afternoon to give my assistant more paper. He drew a fine rough map of the kampong and is a very good man. But I need to have an expansion of many of his answers [to RK's questionnaire]. The trouble is that it is hard for me to read Malay. I have to get around it by having it translated into Dutch!

Balombaru, September 1, 1949. Second day: This time without Rahim. I have arranged, I think, to have a man type up Saleh's notes in Dutch. I got to the house at 8:30 A.M., and looked over some pages to give to the translator. The material consists of page after page of complete census data, house by house, giving age, occupation, family connections, and so forth. I can also check the material with the accompanying map. Saleh did a fine job; he is a remarkable fellow. Rahim says that although he went only as far as the lower school, he reads a lot and is interested in things in general.

First, I talked over the census with Saleh, his hadji father, his cousin's helper at gold work, and the old bearded sea captain carpenter. Then, after coffee we went off on a ride around the kampong following his good map. We went first to the cement factory, run by a Makassarese named Liyu who was once a poor man but learned a lot about business and has now become the richest individual in the village. He owns the cement factory. It is located near a river, where the big praus used to be able to sail in near the old market place (twenty-five years ago). The river here is now a wide, dry bed. In the distance is Gusungdjonga where Saleh's father lives. It is an island in the wet season. I noted the remnants of a bamboo bridge going across to the other side. It was standing one hundred years ago. The cement factory, with four big kiln chimneys in two buildings together with several other buildings, uses local lime rock and wood from the nearby woods. The rock is broken up and put into the blazing ovens at the top of the fire. It comes out as fine cement. Because of the great amount of road building going on now sales are way up. On the bank of the river are many big heaps of sand, and plenty of trucks to haul it away. Also, Saleh says that there are plenty of men working here. I took a photograph of the factory. Liyu's house, a big one, is situated nearby.

Then we went to the site of the old pasar, in the center of the village. On one side we noted a row of cement houses rented by the radja to Chinese, who can't own the land. Nor

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563 can they buy it. I took a photograph of the market
427 site.

Then we went to pekoeboeran, the cemetery, or at least
764 to one of them. There we noted one large cement Chinese
565 grave, and numerous native graves. I again took a photograph. Saleh said that both men and women have two grave stones or wooden posts. Most of those I saw were low and small. Names and dates are carved on them, but are almost not readable. It is almost pathetic, as was the site of a bier with painting and the undertaker's name (I suppose) on the cloths around it. It was standing outside next to the house near Saleh's. Here, an old man of about ninety died last night and he is to be buried today. I was told that although these grave stones are low (orang hamba) [literally "slaves"], nobles have high ones.

472 Then we went to Liyu's other factory which is a com-
339 bination of brick and tile manufacturing. I took a photograph there. He is a rather remarkable person. Together his factories use eighty men.

326 Then we went to see the blacksmith shop. The smith is
463 an old man and they say that formerly he had a double
178 piston bellows, of the old style, such as is now found in the
782 Buginese country. Now, however, he uses a Makassar-made single cylinder, double-action bellows, which is very
412 effective. I asked Saleh if the smith employs special prayers, etc. He said that maybe the old man did, but that the young ones do not. He also said that usually here at least one son follows his father's trade. However, many young smiths now go to work in Makassar rather than work in the shop found in their own kampong.

Then we went to another smith's not far off. This belonged to the son of the old man. We saw a parang [large knife] and a right angle scythe in rough form. The bellows really worked. Then we went to the carpenter shop. Here
[322] everything is made, including wheels. The carpenter is a student of the old bearded fellow.

164 Finally we went back to the house stopping first at the
743 leper asylum of Makassar which is in the kampong. (See map)
758 [Lost] The leper asylum is run by a stocky, tough, Swiss Salvation Army nurse. The government built the asylum and supports it. It is very clean and impressive. Unless the lepers are in very bad shape, they live in bungalows. These dwelling places are much better than native houses. There are many children. The Swiss nurse said that the children especially get leprosy, and that when children are born in the colony they are taken from the parents who

463 So far as I can see, specialization is not strict but there is a tendency for sons to follow their father's trade.

426 They say that there are not many who have run up debts
465 with the Chinese. For the most part if it is necessary to
499 borrow some money the local people try to do it from some-
466 one in their own family (this is quite different from Java and elsewhere). There are perhaps one hundred men who work for wages. They work in offices, in stores, in schools, and some as common laborers. But most of the people do not work for wages. I asked, after Thierens told me that it was easy for them to get money if they were willing to work as coolies on roads, if this were true. Andi said that it was true only for the city. Road work on the roads in Bone is done by heerendienst which amounts to seven days' labor every three months. In Watumpone the laborers get 75 sen per day and this is not enough even for their food, so they won't work at [435] it. They said that even in offices one might get only f.30 per month, and one meal costs about f.1. He was much concerned about wages and prices. I heard later from a tobacco man who was English that women work in drying sheds for 75 sen per day. They are asking for f.1 per day.

563 As for the shops and stores, a few Buginese are shop-
443 keepers (as I remember, four), and the rest are Chinese. The
472 Kepala kampong owns a brick factory, and this is the only
433 manufacturing center in the area.

Bukaka, September 9, 1949. Third day: I went on with the
661 schedule. Concerning political life, a certain amount of discomfort was raised as a result of our discussion. Luckily only Andi and a close friend were present. Andi said that there was so much fear that it was impossible for them to discuss things openly. He said his friend was trustworthy, but that others might inform on him, and if he merely discussed Bone or Indonesia or especially the Republican politics he would lose his job. And he would probably be arrested. In other words any political discussion here regarding Indonesia means jail. The only things that might be discussed cautiously would be those concerning extra-Indonesian politics, for example, diplomatic relations, the United States, China, Russia, India, but even here one has to be careful.

208 Concerning communism, they said there is much propa-
668 ganda against it coming from Makassar, But especially strong propaganda against it comes from the Republic. They said that it is very effective because those responsible for it use the line that communism is against Mohammedanism; and this is sure to work here where Mohammedanism is the next most important thing to adat.